

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1998



BRAVE AND TRUE.

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.

ONE bright, June day, many years ago, a little son was born to Edward the Third, who was then King of England. This tiny baby was the eldest son of the King, so he was named Edward, the same as his father.

(2) While he was still quite a small boy, he was taught to shoot, ride, swim, and wrestle, for his father wished

him to grow up to be a brave soldier as well as a great prince.

(1) When he was only sixteen years old, his father took him to France. King Edward thought that he ought to be the King of France as well as of this land. So he went there to fight for the French crown.

(2) As the King was stepping on to the French shore, his foot slipped. He fell on his face, and his nose began to bleed.

(1) Some of his knights thought this was a sign of bad luck for the King. They said that he had better go back to the ship and sail away to his own land.

(2) "Set not foot on this land, for this is an evil sign for us," they said to him.

(3) But the King made a joke of it, and would not hear of going home. "This is no evil sign, but a good one for me," he said, "for it shows that the land wishes to have me."

(1) Soon after this the King took his son, and some of those who were with him, into a field. He made them kneel down before him, and laid his sword upon them.

(2) He then told them that they were now his knights, and that he looked to them to help him to win the crown of France.

(3) The young Prince was known in this war as the 'Black Prince.' Both the ar-mour and hel-met that he wore were black.

(1) Now, the French King had put a guard at all the bridges across a riv-er which



'There the King and his men went across.'—Page 6.

King Edward needed to pass over.

(2) When Edward saw that there was no bridge over

which he could pass, he looked about till he found a place where the water was not very deep.

(1) There the King and his men went across. The King, the Prince, and the knights rode on their horses. The others went on foot through the shal-low water.

(2) The night before the bat-tle took place was spent by the King and his ar-my in a field. They all had sup-per there. The King and his knights were at one

end of the field, and the rest of the men in a place a-part.

(1) When the meal was over, King Edward went to a quiet spot, and knelt down to pray. He prayed that, if they fought the next day, he might win, and give the glory to God; then he lay down to rest.

(2) Very ear-ly the next day he was up once more, and called his men to arms, that they might be read-y for the bat-tle.

(3) They wait-ed all through the day. Late in the after-

noon black clouds rose in the sky. Then the thunder began to roll, and the rain to fall. On came the French army through the great storm.

(1) But soon the sky became clear. The sun shone brightly. It shone right into the eyes of the French, so that they could not see well.

(2) King Edward had kept to him-self the third line of the army. He put his men a little way off, so as to be ready in case of need. The

Black Prince was in charge of the front line.

(1) The King wished his son to have all the glo-ry. So he would not fight just yet. He stood on one side, where he could watch and see how the bat-tle went.

(2) When the French King's men came in sight of the Eng-lish army, they began to shout as loud as ever they could. They thought they would fright-en the sol-diers of Eng-land by doing this, and make them run away.

(1) But they did not fright-en the Eng-lish at all. As soon as the French army had come with-in shot, our bow-men sent so many ar-rows into their midst that it was as if snow fell a-mong them.

(2) The French King's men who were in front tried to shoot back at them, but they found that the rain had made their bow-strings so wet, that they would not shoot well.

(3) In the French ar-my there was a king of an-oth-er land,

who was a friend of the King of France. He was blind, or nearly so.

(1) He asked those who were with him to take him into the fight, that he might strike a blow with his sword at the foe.

(2) They tied their bridles together, so that they might not be parted in the battle.

(3) Then they rode forward, and fought bravely until they were killed.

(4) After a while the French, of whom there were more

than twice as many as the Eng-lish, made their way close up to the line which the Black Prince led.

(1) The young Prince was very brave, and fought well; but his foes were all round him. As soon as he had cut down one with his sword, others sprang at him and tried to kill him.

(2) Two of his knights saw what dan-ger he was in. They rushed to the King and begged him to bring his men to help his son.

(1) "Is my son killed?" asked the King, when he heard what the men had to say.

(2) "No, Sire, he still lives," said one of the knights.

(3) "Is he then hurt, or thrown to the ground?" the King next asked.

(4) "No, Sire," was the re-
ply. "But the foe is all round him, and he is in sore need of your help."

(5) "Then," said the King, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them that I will send no help as yet. I

wish my son to prove that he is a brave knight, and to have the hon-our of this day all to him-self."

(1) The knights went back and told the Prince what the King had said, and the young man was so proud of his father's words that he fought even hard-er than before.

(2) As night fell, the French were at last driv-en back, and so it was that the Black Prince won the day.

(3) When the bat-tle was

over, the young he-ro went back to the camp.

(1) He was met by his father,



'He was met by his father.'

who said, "My brave son, you have in-deed fought well this day. Go on as you have be-gun, and you will

make a right good king, when your time comes."

(1) The Prince then went down on his knees and asked his father to bless him.

(2) That night a great feast was held in hon-our of the Black Prince, who had fought so well in his first bat-tle.

(3) This brave Prince fought in many a bat-tle af-ter this; but he did not live to be King of Eng-land.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

THIS is a sto-ry of something else which took place in the reign of Edward the Third, the father of the Black Prince.

(2) It hap-pened only a very little while after the battle in which the young Prince proved him-self to be such a brave knight.

(3) In France, close to the sea, there is a town called Cal-ais, and King Edward

made up his mind to have it for his own.

(1) So he put his army before it, in such a way that none of the French could come out, and none could go in.

(2) He did this to make sure that no food should be taken into the town. He wished to make the people so hungry that they would be glad to give up the town to him for the sake of food to eat.

(3) On one side of the town he had huts built of wood, in which his men could live.

There were so many of these huts that it looked as if a fresh town had been built.

(1) On the other side of the town was the sea, and King Edward put ships there to guard the shore, so that no one could get out of the town that way.

(2) The people of Cal-ais were very brave, and they did not mean to give up their town if they could help it. For near-ly a year they held out.

(3) By that time a great many of the poor people had died

for want of food. Food of any kind was so dear that they had not the money to buy it.

(1) At last there was only such a very lit-tle food left, even for those who had money to buy it, that they knew some-thing must be done, or else all the people would starve to death.

(2) So they asked the gov-ern-or of the town to write a let-ter to the King of France, to tell him that they had eat-en all the horses, dogs,

cats, rats, and mice in the town, and that if he could not send them help, they



‘They asked the governor . . . to write a letter.’—Page 20.

must give up the town to King Edward.

(1) When this letter was brought to him, the French

King tried once more to find a way by which he might send food to his people in Calais.

(1) But it was of no use. Edward's men were all round the town, and there was no spot where a man could get to the walls with-out being seen.

(2) The people in the town wait-ed yet a little while for an answer to their letter.

(3) When they found that no help came, they raised the flag of Eng-land over the

town. This was to tell King Edward that they gave in to him, and that the town was now his.

(1) As soon as the King saw the flag, he sent word to the people of Calais that he would kill all of them, unless six of the rich-est and best known men of the town came to him, and gave up their lives for the sake of the others.

(2) He said that they must come clad only in their shirts, and that they must

have ropes hung round their necks. They were to bring with them the keys of the town, and of the castle.

(1) Then the great bell in the market place of Calais was rung, and all the people ran out to hear the news. But it was not good news, as they had hoped when they heard the bell.

(2) They were told what the King of England had said. Then the women began to weep, and to cry out that it was hard that they, and

even their chil-dren, must die in such a way.

(1) It would have been a man with a heart of iron who could have heard them, and not have been sorry for them.

(2) So thought the richest man in all the town, for when he saw how they wept, he stood up and said that he was ready to die for their sake.

(3) When they heard the words of this brave man, the people knelt at his feet and blessed him, be-cause he was

so good as to do this great thing for them.

(1) Then five other men said that they, too, would go.

(2) Dressed as the King had said, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town in their hands, the six men were let out of the gates, and made their way to the tent where the King was.

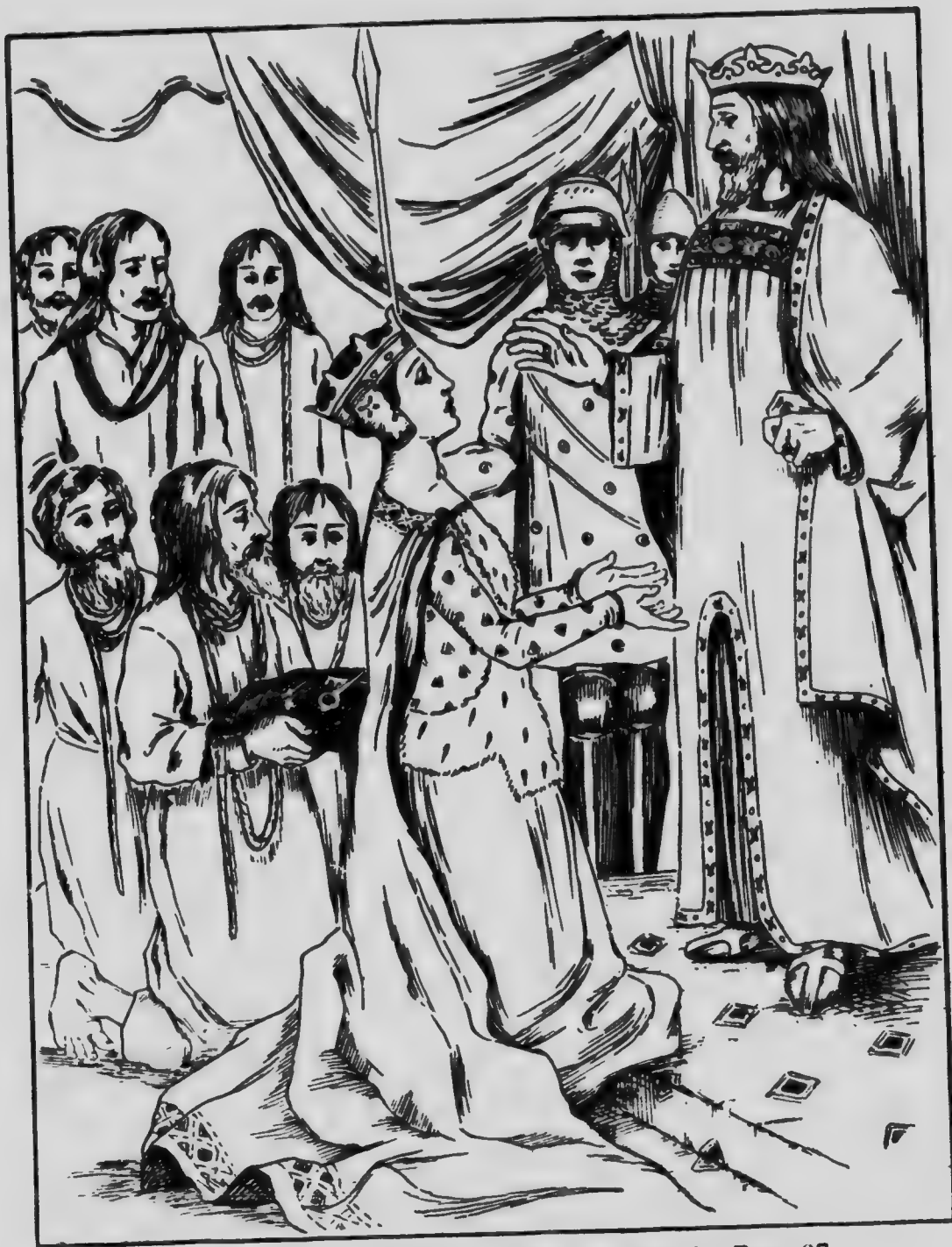
(3) They knelt down before him, and the eldest of them spoke these words. "Gentle king, behold, we six have brought you the keys of the

castle and the town. Do with us as you will; but we beg you to have mer-cy upon us."

(1) But King Edward would have no mer-cy upon them. He only said, "These men have caused many of my men to be slain, and it is but right that they should die."

(2) Then he sent for the hang-man, that they might be put to death.

(3) But before this could be done, the Queen came and knelt at his feet. She was



'The Queen came and knelt at his feet.'—Page 27.

very sor-ry for these poor men, who had been so brave as to give up their lives for the sake of their town.

(1) "Sire," she said to the King, "it is not often that I ask anything of you; but now I pray you that you will have mercy on these six good men."

(2) For some time the King would pay no heed to her words, for he had made up his mind that the men should die.

(3) But she would not leave

him, and begged him a-gain and again, with tears in her eyes, that he would spare them.

(1) At last the King turned and looked at her as she knelt before him. For a little while he did not speak.

(2) Then all at once he said, "Ah, Dame, I would that you had been in some other place just now. But I can-not say 'No' to you. So I give these men to you, to do with them as you will."

(3) Then the Queen had the

ropes ta-ken from off their necks, and she gave them rich clothes to wear.

(1) She also had a feast made for them, and when they were clothed and fed, she sent them back to their homes, each with a sum of money in his hand.

(2) Very glad were these six men that their lives were thus spared. Before they left, they knelt down and kissed the Queen's hand, and thanked her that she had been so good to them.

NOTE FOR TEACHERS.

EDWARD (1330—76), eldest son of Edward III., was created Duke of Cornwall in 1337, and Prince of Wales in 1343. His father knighted him at La Hogue, when France was invaded in 1345. He 'won his spurs' at Crécy, where he was commander of the van. It was after this battle that he was popularly known as the 'Black Prince'—probably because of the colour of his accoutrements, or, according to some, because he was a terror to the French. The battle of Poitiers was won under his leadership in 1356, and King John of France was taken prisoner. In 1367, the Prince allied himself with Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, who was at war with his half-brother, Henry of Trastamare; the latter was defeated at Navarrete (northern Spain). Pedro did not repay a large loan which he had obtained from the Prince; and the expenses of the Spanish war were heavy. A hearth-tax was therefore levied on the Black Prince's subjects in Aquitaine. The nobles appealed to Charles V., King of France, and war broke out again in 1369. Limoges, which the citizens had, of their own free will, surrendered to the French, was re-taken in 1370; and, by the Prince's orders, there was a general massacre of the inhabitants. This is the one great blot on the Prince's otherwise fair fame. He returned to England in 1371. His health was broken by the Spanish campaign, and his death ensued five years after. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral; his helmet, shield, and gauntlets are still to be seen there.

The siege of Calais began in September, 1346, and Sir Jean de Vienne, the Governor, capitulated on August 14th, 1347. The King's anger was roused, not merely by the long resistance, but by the fact that the town had, for many years, harboured pirates, who had done much damage to English trade and shipping. The six burgesses who offered themselves were Eustace de St. Pierre, Jean Daire, Jacques de Wissant and Pierre his brother, and two others, whose names are not mentioned by Froissart. After the surrender, the inhabitants were turned out of the town, and subsequently a number of burgesses and their families were brought from London to re-people the place.—W.H.W.

3 9005 0129 3132 9

Res. Coll

PE

1119

.T35